

# POEMS

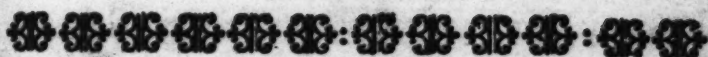
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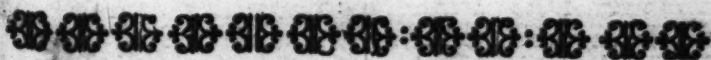




P O E M S

B Y

Mrs. ROBINSON.



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Mrs. ROBINSON.

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*M. Paine*

P O E M S

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Mrs. ROBINSON.

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L O N D O N :

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P O E M S

M. ROBINSON



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To

# C O N T E N T S.

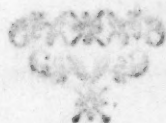
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A

## PASTORAL BALLAD.

I.



E Shepherds who sport on the plain,

Drop a tear at my forrowful tale,

My heart was a stranger to pain,

Till pierc'd by the pride of the vale.

When deck'd with his pipe and his crook,

A garland his temples did bind,

So sweetly the Shepherd did look,

I thought he cou'd not be unkind.

B.

II. But

II.

But alas ! t'other day at the fair,

(Sad story for me to relate,)

He bought ribbons for Phillis's hair,

For Phillis, the nymph that I hate.

Sweet songs to beguile the dull hours,

A crook, and a garland so fine,

A posie of May-blowing flowers,

Adorn'd with green myrtle and thyme.

III.

Last week as they sat in the grove,

Such sweetness his looks did impart,

Their converse I'm sure was of love,

And I fear, that it flow'd from his heart.

I heard



I heard the soft words that he sung,

Such tender, such amorous lays,

Each accent that fell from his tongue,

Was blended with Phillis's praise.

IV.

" My charmer, said he, is more fair,

" Then the jessamine twin'd round my bow'r,

" What's thyme with her breath to compare,

" Or lavender after a show'r.

" The rose when compar'd with her cheek,

" Drooping downward with envy it dies,

" When Sol thro' a shower doth break —

" He's not half so bright as her eyes."

B 2

V. Alas!

V.

Alas! if they never had met,  
 I had not endur'd such keen woes,  
 I wish he would Phillis forget,  
 And yield my poor heart some repose.  
 Each day wou'd I sing thro' the grove,  
 Each moment devote to my swain,  
 But if he has settled his love,  
 My bosom is destin'd to pain.

VI.

Adieu, to contentment and rest,  
 Adieu, to my once lov'd repose,  
 For I fear I can never be blest'd,  
 Till death puts an end to my woes.

To the grave will I carry my truth,

Take heed ah ! ye nymphs by my fate,

Be careful to shun the false youth,

And with pity my story relate.





## PART THE SECOND.

## I.

**C**OME join all ye nymphs of the grove,  
And sing of the change that I find,  
At length I have conquer'd my love,  
And taught the dear youth to be kind.  
My bow'r shall with chaplets be dress'd,  
My lambkins no longer shall stray,  
For my bosom no more is oppress'd,  
Henceforth I'll be happy, and gay.

II. Oh

II.

Oh jealousy, merciless foe,  
 How did'st thou invade my fond breast,  
 Each day, was a compound of woe,  
 Each night, it depriv'd me of rest.  
 I envied the nymphs and the swains,  
 With malice and hatred I pin'd,  
 Because they were strangers to pain,  
 And felt not such torture as mine.

III.

Young Daphne the sprightly and gay,  
 Admir'd for her beauty and grace,  
 With Damon did wantonly play,  
 O ! I wish'd to have been in her place.



I fear'd that her charms would beguile,  
 That her song would enchant the dear swain,  
 I could not allow him to smile,  
 For his smiles were the cause of my pain.

IV.

Gay Colin by all is approv'd,  
 And said to be witty and fair,  
 He has often declar'd that he lov'd,  
 Yet none can with Damon compare.  
 But why do I muse on past woe,  
 And my happiness idly destroy,  
 What blessing can heaven bestow,  
 Superior to that I enjoy.

V.

No danger or peril I fear,  
 No trouble my bliss can remove,  
 While blest'd in the smiles of my dear,  
 In the smiles of the youth that I love.  
 Together we sport all the day,  
 By the stream that meanders along,  
 Or else o'er the meadows we stray,  
 And Damon enchants with his song.

VI.

Adieu to all anguish and care,  
 To malice, and envy adieu,  
 No longer will Delia despair,  
 For Damon is faithful and true.

Then

Then join all ye nymphs of the grove,

And sing of the change that I find,

At length I have conquer'd my love,

And taught the dear youth to be kind.



ANOTHER.



## ANOTHER.

### I.

**Y**E myrtles and woodbines so green,  
Your fragrance no longer beguile,

Ye bow'rs that with rapture I've seen,

When Damon did tenderly smile.

When his heart beat with every look,

His charmer did kindly bestow;

When he left both his pipe and his crook,

O'er the meadows with Delia to go.

### II. Each

II.

Each hour he employ'd for his dear,  
 In gathering fruit of the best,  
 The sweet bryar, and violet did rear,  
 To make poesies for Delia's breast.  
 With roses, and hiacynths fair,  
 With myrtle, and ever green bay,  
 Sweet chaplets he wove for her hair,  
 And her charms were the theme of his lay.

III.

At noon's scorching heat we retir'd,  
 To the grove at the foot of the hill,  
 Or else to the wood he admir'd,  
 By the side of a murmuring rill.

With



With his song did the shepherd delight,

His reed did resound through the grove,

My steps did the charmer invite,

And each accent was blended with love.

IV.

But ah! to my sorrow I find,

(What grieves my fond heart to relate;)

That Damon is false as the wind,

His passion is changed to hate.

With scorn doth he flight all my charms,

Such contempt ev'ry look doth impart,

With hatred he flies from my arms,

With disdain he rejects my soft heart.

V. The

V.

The garland he wove for my hair,  
 Of laurel, and ever green bay,  
 The crook that he bought at the fair,  
 He has given to Phillis the gay.  
 The bow'r which for Delia he made,  
 The lambkins he lov'd for my sake,  
 Of the grot, and the silver cascade,  
 No longer must Delia partake.

VI.

My flocks can no longer delight,  
 In vain do they frolick and play,  
 For when Damon is out of my fight,  
 No pleasure I feel through the day.

No more do I sport on the plain,  
 No comfort my bosom can prove,  
 'Till Damon doth pity my pain,  
 For pity is sister to love.



A PASTORAL



## A PASTORAL ELEGY.

## I.

**Y**E nymphs, ah! give ear to my lay,

Your pastime I prithe' give o'er,

For Damon the youthful and gay,

Is gone, — and our joys are no more.

That Shepherd so blithsome and fair,

Whose truth was the pride of the plains,

Has left us alas! in despair,

For no such a Shepherd remains.

II. His

II.

His life was a compound of joy,  
 Pure innocence guided each thought,  
 No envy his bliss cou'd annoy,  
 For with virtue his bosom was fraught.  
 He scorn'd to deceive or betray,  
 Fair truth ever dwelt in his fight,  
 He always was blithsome and gay,  
 And to please was his only delight.

III.

In the shade when reclin'd on his crook,  
 To hear his melodious strains,  
 My flocks I have often forsook,  
 To wander alone on the plains.

C

Each

His



Each bird did attend on the spray,  
 The zepthers did play on the trees,  
 Sweet harmony join'd the soft lay,  
 And whisper'd his praise in each breeze.

IV.

My lambkins are straying far wide,  
 The lilly reclines her fair head,  
 My crook is with scorn thrown aside,  
 For alas ! my sweet Shepherd is dead.  
 I will rattle the jessamin bow'rs,  
 To deck the green turf on his breast,  
 With myrtle and sweet scented flow'rs,  
 My Damon's cold grave shall be dress'd.

V. While

V.

While Eglantine sheds a perfume,

Or peace is Pastora's desire,

While the cowslip continues to bloom,

Or the rose is adorn'd with a brier.

While the lambkins shall graze on the plain,

Or the nightingale warble its lay,

As long as old time shall remain,

His memory ne'er shall decay.

VI.

But alas! the lov'd youth is no more,

Each stream shall repeat the sad sound,

Each Shepherd the loss shall deplore,

And his fate thro' the grove shall resound.

Since truth like my Damon's must yield,  
 To death, that invincible foe,  
 Ye swains, ah ! make virtue your shield,  
 Nor tremble to meet the dire blow.





# AN ODE TO WISDOM:

## I.

**H**AIL wisdom, goddess of each art,  
 That wakes the soul, and mends the heart,  
 Superior joy, whose influence bright,  
 Regales the sense, and glads the fight,  
 Thou source of every bliss on earth combin'd,  
 Absolve my frailties, and enlarge my mind.

## II.

Beneath thy penetrating eye,  
 Folly's delusive shadows fly,

Far from thy temple vain desires,  
 With pride's destructive train retires,  
 For virtue there alone can reign secure,  
 Protected by thy precepts wise, and pure.

III.

To thee, the suppliant knee I bend,  
 Minerva to my pray'r attend,  
 With parent fondness teach my soul,  
 Each idle passion to controul,  
 That guided by the clear transcendent ray,  
 In life's great circle, I may bend my way.





## AN ODE TO CHARITY.

### I.

**H**AIL meek-eyed daughter of the sky,

Celestial, heaven-born, Charity;

To thee my lays are due,

To thee for ever will I sing,

And soar on contemplations wing,

To peace, to joy, and you.

C 4

II. Thou

II.

Thou greatest virtue man can boast,  
Fair offspring of the heavenly host,  
Accept my humble pray'r ;  
Thou source of bliss for ever new,  
May I thy impulse still pursue,  
With energy sincere.

III.

Thy precepts dignify the heart,  
And banish each anxious smart,  
With influence divine,  
Then steal, O steal, into my breast,  
Where every feeling stands confess'd,  
Before thy sacred shrine.

IV. Conduct

IV.

Conduct me to that calm retreat,  
 Where thou hast fix'd thy peaceful seat,  
 Where charms supreme abound,  
 Where bliss extatick deigns to roam,  
 Where sweet content has fixt her throne,  
 And glories shine around.

V.

O lead me to that sacred shrine,  
 Where piety and grace divine,  
 Alternately do reign,  
 Where love, and friendship, join to please,  
 With strict sincerity and ease,  
 Without one anxious pain.

VI. There

VI.

There calumny's destructive dart,  
 No more invades the honest heart,  
 Or wounds the gentle breast,  
 But peace seraphick sooths the mind,  
 And every bliss in thee combin'd,  
 Transports the soul to rest.

VII.

Thither retir'd from grief and pain,  
 From envy and ambition's train,  
 My future days I'd spend,  
 And in thy pure society,  
 From pride, deceit, and folly free,  
 This life of sorrow end.

VIII. Gladly

VIII.

Gladly I'd quit this wretched state,  
 And willing yield my breath to fate,  
 Without one pang, one sigh,  
 Well pleas'd with heaven's all just decree,  
 Sustain'd by *Faith*, by *Hope*, and *Thee*,  
 Content to live or die.



THE





## THE LINNET'S PETITION.

### I.

**A**S Stella fat the other day,  
 Beneath a myrtle shade,  
 A tender bird in plaintive notes,  
 Address'd the pensive maid.

### II.

Upon a bough in gaudy cage,  
 The feather'd warbler hung,  
 And in melodious accents thus,  
 His fond petition sung.

III. "Ah!



III.

" Ah ! pity my unhappy fate,  
" And set a captive free,  
" So may you never feel the loss,  
" Of peace, or liberty."

IV.

" With ardent pray'r and humble voice,  
" Your mercy now I crave,  
" Your kind compassion and regard,  
" My tender life to save."

V.

" Ah ! wherefore am I here confin'd,  
" Ah ! why does fate ordain,  
" A life so innocent as mine,  
" Should end in grief and pain."

VI. " I envy

VI.

" I envy every little bird,  
" That warbles gay and free,  
" The meanest of the feather'd race,  
" Is happier far than me."

VII.

" Sweet liberty by heaven sent,  
" From me, alas! is torn,  
" And here without a cause confin'd,  
" A captive doom'd I mourn."

VIII.

" When bright Aurora's silver rays,  
" Proclaim the rising morn,  
" And glitt'ring dew drops shine around,  
" Or gild the flow'ring thorn."

IX. When

. IX.

" When every bird except myself,  
 " Went forth his mate to see,  
 " I always tun'd my downy throat,  
 " To please, and gladden thee."

X.

" Beneath thy window each new day,  
 " And in the myrtle bow'r,  
 " I strove to charm thy list'ning ear,  
 " With all my little pow'r."

XI.

" Ah! what avails this gandy cage,  
 " Or what is life to me,  
 " If thus confin'd, if thus distress'd,  
 " And robb'd of liberty."

XII. " I who

XII.

" I who the greatest fav'rite was  
" Of all the feather'd race,  
" Think, Stella think, the pain I feel,  
" And pity my sad case."

XIII.

" While here condemn'd to sure despair,  
" What comfort have I left,  
" Or how can I this fate survive,  
" Of every joy bereft."

XIV.

" My harmless life was ever free,  
" From mischief and from ill,  
" My only wish on earth to prove,  
" Obedient, to your will."

XV. " Then

XV.

" Then pity my unhappy fate,  
 " And set a captive free,  
 " So may you never feel the loss,  
 " Of peace, or liberty."

XVI.

On Stella's breast compassion soon,  
 Each tender feeling wrought,  
 Resolv'd to give him back with speed,  
 That freedom which he sought.

XVII.

With friendly hand she ope'd the cage,  
 By kindred pity mov'd,  
 And sympathetic joys divine,  
 Her gentle bosom prov'd.

D

XVIII. When



XVIII.

When first she caught the flutt'ring thing,  
 She felt strange extasy,  
 But never knew so great a bliss,  
 As when she set him free.



A CHARACTER.





# A CHARACTER.

**H**OW very rare my gen'rous friend we find,  
 A woman blest'd with such a virtuous mind,  
 A mind, unaw'd by any idle fear,  
 A heart which nobly dares to be sincere,  
 A soul without ambition, truly great,  
 Sprightly, yet wise, and witty, tho' sedate.  
 With ev'ry heav'n-born virtue amply fraught,  
 By prudence, piety, and reason taught;

A bosom, aw'd by chastity and love,  
 A tongue, ordain'd, the hardest heart to move;  
 An ear, for ever open to the poor,  
 A breast, that's guided by no idle power;  
 A form as spotless as her heavenly mind,  
 In temper affable, polite, and kind.

WROTE  
 A woman  
 A mind, unwearied  
 A heart, which  
 A soul without  
 A body, for which  
 A heart, which  
 A soul without  
 A body, for which

WRITTEN



WRITTEN ON THE OUTSIDE OF  
AN HERMITAGE.

**S**TRANGER, beware who'ere thou art,  
How ye profane this shade,  
For know beneath this humble roof,  
No idle cares invade.  
The bright inhabitants within,  
Are grace, and truth divine,  
And sweet contentment dwells secure,  
Beneath this sacred shrine.

If thou in ought hast been forsworn,

These hallow'd paths forbear,

For know the sure reward you'll meet,

Is grief and pining care,

If envy reigns within thy breast,

Attempt not here to dwell,

For virtue, piety, and peace,

Inhabit this sweet cell.

If malice taints thy secret thoughts,

Or hatred guides thy heart,

With caution tread these hallow'd shades,

And e'er too late depart.

If high ambition sways thy mind,

Ah! search no longer here,

For naught but calm humility,

Within these walls appear.

Or if thou art to falsehood prone,  
 Or dare with impious hand,  
 To deal out mischief or profane,  
 High heaven's supreme command ;  
 Far from this lowly roof retreat,  
 Or pain will be thy share,  
 With heart-felt woe and wretched pangs,  
 Repentance, and despair.  
 For know that grief, and keen remorse,  
 Await on guilty deeds,  
 But for the gen'rous, just, and good,  
 A sure reward succeeds,  
 Vice, vanity, and all her train,  
 Are strangers to this place,  
 Nor dares black artful calumny,  
 Shew her destructive face.



But wisdom, happiness, and joy,  
 With charity divine,  
 And peace, content, delight, and ease,  
 Dwell safe within this shrine.  
 No jealous cares invade, or break,  
 The calm repose within,  
 No voice profane is heard to breath,  
 An accent fraught with sin,  
 But every joy on earth combin'd,  
 Serenely deigns to dwell,  
 Uninterrupted, free from care,  
 Within this rustic cell.  
 Such as delight in virtuous deeds,  
 Are welcome guests and free,  
 To reign henceforth without restraint,  
 In our society.

The



The conscience void of black deceit,

And all her hateful crew,

Will find no cares in solitude,

But joys for ever new.

The rich (if just) are welcome here,

The lowly and the poor,

To such with glad and willing hand,

We op'e the friendly door.

But those who dare approach this shrine,

Whose breast by vice is sway'd,

Whose mind by avarice and pride,

To folly is betray'd.

Whose soul ne'er own'd soft pity's claim,

Whose heart ne'er learnt to glow,

With genial warmth in virtue's cause,

Or felt another's woe.

Whose

Whose only joy in this short life—

Is pomp and vain desires,

Who never knew the pure delight,

A rural life inspires.

Will find this moss-grown rustic cell,

For such was ne'er design'd,

Nor can they gain admittance here,

Tho' e'er so much inclin'd.

Then ah! forbear whoe'er thou art,

How ye profane this shade,

For know beneath this simple roof,

No idle cares invade.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER.

**I**F a perfect form can please,  
Join'd with innocence and ease,

Wit and eloquence refin'd,  
Harmony and judgment join'd,  
Meek and gentle to excess,  
Neat and elegant in dress,  
Charitable, free and gay,  
Blooming as the month of May,  
Foe to art and vanity,  
From deceit and folly free,

Learned

Learned as a female ought,  
 Not by idle custom taught;  
 Grace in all her steps doth move,  
 Beauteous as the queen of love.  
 If such charms can please the sight,  
 Where all elegance unite,  
 Virtue, and fair truth divine,  
 The laurel, Juliet be thine.



ODE



# ODE TO VIRTUE.

## I.

**H**AIL daughter of th' etherial sky,  
Hail everlasting purity,

To thee the seraphs and archangels sing,

Peace to thy altar shall her off'rings bring,

Free from every earthly woe,

From every ill that reigns below,

Welcome then sweet celestial guest,

Receive me to thy gentle breast.

## II. Instruct



II.

Instruct my unexperienc'd heart,  
 And all thy precious gifts impart,  
 That my fond soul may learn of thee to prize,  
 Joys, which alone from thy fair laws arise,  
 To thee, my willing heart aspires,  
 Thy name, my tender bosom fires,  
 Teach me, then teach me, by thy sacred rules,  
 To shun with scorn, the empty joys of fools.

III.

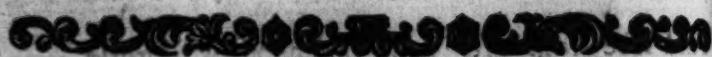
Learn me to tread the paths of truth,  
 And rectify my erring youth,  
 That under thy supreme, discerning eye,  
 Thy precepts may each action dignify,

And



And in life's perplexing maze,  
 May'st thou guide my blinded ways,  
 That free from art, from falsehood or disguise,  
 Thy solid joys my soul shall learn to prize.





AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

I.

PERMIT me dearest girl to send,  
 The warmest wishes of a friend,  
 Who scorns deceit, or art,  
 Who dedicates her verse to you,  
 And every praise so much your due,  
 Flows genuine from her heart.

II. Yet

II.

Yet all that I can write, or say,

My meaning never can convey,

My fond intencion prove,

It flows spontaneous from the soul,

Without restraint, without controul,

'Tis gratitude, and love.

III.

The friendship glowing in my breast,

Can never, never, be suppress'd,

While life or sense remain,

The only recompense I ask,

To me, would prove an easy task,

That prize bestow again.

E

IV. How

IV.

How blefs'd are you in every joy,  
 No care your happiness to cloy,  
 No rude unwelcome pain,  
 No grief to interrupt your ease,  
 But every comfort form'd to please,  
 In solitude remain.

V.

There busy clamours ne'er resound,  
 Nor high ambition's to be found,  
 Or envy's hateful train,  
 But ever happy, ever gay,  
 Soft pleasure with despotic sway,  
 Holds empire o'er the plain.

VI. Along

VI.

Along the daisy painted meads,  
New scenes of beauty each succeeds,

To charm th' enraptured eye,  
Or shelter'd from the noon-tide beams,  
Where cooling grots, and crystal streams,  
Meand'ring murmur by.

VII.

May heaven-born peace, content, and rest,  
Dwell undisturb'd within that breast

From' every folly free,  
May health, sincerity, and truth,  
Be the companions of thy youth,  
With meek-ey'd charity.



## VIII.

Adieu, dear girl, accept my love,

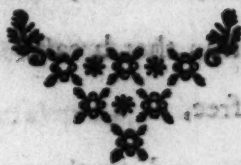
And may Maria never prove,

Unworthy thy esteem,

One vow I make to heaven and you,

This pleasing task I'll still pursue,

And make thy praise, my theme.







ON THE DEATH OF A  
FRIEND.

**A** DIEU, dear Emma; — now, alas ! no more,  
Deaths icy hand, hath chill'd thy tender frame,  
In endless sighs, the loss I will deplore,  
Revere thy memory, and exalt thy name.  
Let soft humanity incline an ear,  
Let gentle pity listen to my song,  
Let every tender bosom grant a tear,  
And Emma's virtues, flow from every tongue.

Her heart was faithful, and her soul sincere,

Her temper gentle as the turtle dove,

In person beauteous, and in judgment clear,

Inspir'd by virtue, and sustain'd by love.

Her conscious soul unknowing how to feign,

Was true to honor, and it's sacred laws,

Her tender bosom felt another's pain,

And glow'd with fervent zeal, in friendship's cause.

And yet, alas! these virtues could not save,

For one short moment, the departing breath,

Fate had decreed this victim to the grave,

And all must yield to the cold arms of death.

Then what avails my misery and grief,

Can it to life the heavenly maid restore,

Can tears or wishes now afford relief,

Or give me back the treasure I deplore.

Then

Can earthly sorrow add one joy to those,

Whose pure delight exceeds all human thought,

Can weak mortality afford repose,

Greater than that, with which thy soul is fraught.

Yet friendship, says, the strain, I must prolong,

Her virtues still demand a generous tear,

They still require the tributary song,

A faithful friend her mem'ry to revere.

While I have life, or memory, or sense,

To Emma's kindred shrine my praise is due,

Her soul was guided by pure innocence,

Nor envy, nor deceit, her bosom knew.

She was the first to sing in virtue's praise,

To cherish truth in every tender breast,

And teach the young to tread the potent ways,

Which lead to glory, and eternal rest.

Alas! ye gay, consider well her fate,  
 Remember life is but a fleeting day,  
 Howe'er with affluence blest'd, or soon, or late;  
 Death's cruel summons we must all obey.  
 Be innocent, be chaste, from folly free,  
 In this precarious life serenely move,  
 Submit with patience to just heaven's decree,  
 Be firm in friendship, and sincere in love.  
 Let sacred honour guide your erring feet,  
 With kind compassion, and with grace divine,  
 Let every virtue in your bosoms meet,  
 And meek humility, with wisdom join.  
 Content, like Emma, in an humble state,  
 Seek not for grandeur, or vain pageantry,  
 Nor yet with envious eye behold the great;  
 The beggar, and the prince, alike must die.

Then,

Then, ah ! farewell, my gen'rous, honour'd friend,

Accept the tear, to thy remembrance due,

Till memory and feeling has an end,

Nor worldly pleasures shall my grief subdue.

May kindred angels waft thy soul to rest,

May all thy merit meet it's full reward,

May you be number'd with the pure and blest,

And Emma's spirit be Maria's guard.







THE WISH.

I.

**A**LL I ask of bounteous heav'n,  
Is to live a peaceful life,  
In a cottage, sweet retirement,  
Far from giddy noise and strife.

II.

Far from town, and all its vices,  
Dissipation, care, and fear,  
Passing all my days serenely,  
Ending life, without a tear.

III. Far



III.

Far from ball, and masquerade,  
 Far from op'ra, park, or play,  
 Far from courtly pomp, and fashion,  
 Innocently blith and gay.

IV.

Distant from the madding croud,  
 Scene of avarice and gain,  
 Quitting smoak for silver fountains,  
 Choos'ing health, and leaving pain.

V.

Ease, and comfort, peace and plenty,  
 Always grace the homely board,  
 Every joy that can be wish'd for,  
 Does the rustic cot afford.

VI. With

VI.

With the lark each morn arising,  
 No rude cares my peace molest,  
 But contentment sweet possessing,  
 Ever happy, ever blest'd.

VII.

Each new day my maker praising,  
 Own his goodness ev'ry hour,  
 Thanking heav'n for ev'ry blessing,  
 And revere his mighty power.

VIII.

One thing more I ask of heaven,  
 A sincere and faithful youth,  
 One whose heart is ever constant,  
 Full of honor, love, and truth.

IX. Blest

IX.

Blest with judgment, sound and clear,  
 Both the husband, and the friend,  
 Not the clown, or foolish coxcomb,  
 Such a youth kind heaven send.

X.

Gentle, as the evening breezes,  
 Fanning soft the poplar grove,  
 Fresher than the summer morning,  
 Firm in friendship, fond in love,

XI.

Smart, and witty, mild in manners,  
 Fair in person as in mind,  
 Free from flatt'ry, pride and folly,  
 Such a youth I wish to find.

XII. I desire

XII,

I desire not pow'r, or riches,  
 Bane to sweet content and ease,  
 They are not the joys I wish for,  
 They, alas! can never please.





ON A FRIEND.

I.

**A** GENTLE soul, a beauteous form,  
A voice the coldest breast to warm,

A heart with love and pity fraught,

A mind by ev'ry virtue taught,

With matchless truth, and grace divine,

O! Corydon, this praise be thine.

H. Deign



II.

Deign to accept my grateful song,  
 To thee alone these lays belong,  
 Thy worth my trembling pen inspires,  
 Thy eloquence my soul admires,  
 And pleas'd I bend before the shrine,  
 To sing such wond'rous charms as thine.

III.

Thou pattern to the human race,  
 Thou son of eloquence and grace,  
 To thee all elegance belong,  
 To thee I chaunt the rustic song,  
 Of thee alone my voice I'll raise,  
 And still proclaim my Shepherd's praise.

IV. A

IV.

A genius matchless and divine,  
Ordain'd above all men to shine,  
A soul unknowing how to feign,  
A heart unus'd to giving pain,  
To sing of thee, the task be mine,  
To praise such matchless charms as thine.

V.

Ye muses grant me this request,  
May Corydon be ever blest'd,  
May peace propitious smile on thee,  
From every pain and trouble free,  
And may just heaven for ever shine,  
Indulgent o'er such worth as thine.

F

VI. Polite

VI.

Polite and generous to excess,  
 Whose only pleasure is to bless,  
 Whose greatest joy is to impart,  
 Warm comfort to the bleeding heart,  
 Free from base art, or dark design,  
 These virtues, Corydon, are thine.

VII.

In sense, unequal'd, sound and clear,  
 In friendship steady, and sincere,  
 In actions just, in pity, kind,  
 An angel's form, an angel's mind,  
 Endow'd with every grace divine,  
 O! Corydon, this praise be thine.

VIII. In

VIII.

In thy fond artless breast I find,  
 There's honor, truth, and courage join'd,  
 A tongue unwilling to offend,  
 Warm to protect an injur'd friend ;  
 I mean to sing in simple rhyme,  
 Such worth, O! Corydon, as thine.

IX.

To tell the world thy wond'rous fame,  
 To celebrate thy heavenly name,  
 To do that justice you demand,  
 From every true impartial hand,  
 That you above each swain may shine,  
 For virtues matchless, and divine.



ON THE DEATH OF LORD  
GEORGE LYTTELTON.

I.

**Y**E chrystal streams, ye murm'ring floods,  
Ye lonely groves, and silent woods,  
Ye flow'ry meads, and tow'ring hills,  
Ye mossy fountains, purling rills,  
Ah! mourn, your honour'd genius fled,  
For Lyttelton, alas! is dead.

II. No



II.

No more your beauties can inspire,  
 No more awake the tender lyre,  
 No more your shades can yield delight,  
 The landscape fades upon the sight,  
 All joy, all pleasure, now is fled,  
 For Lyttelton, alas! is dead.

III.

That Lyttelton, by science hail'd,  
 That Lyttelton, who never fail'd  
 To warm the breast that nobly glow'd,  
 With heat that from true virtue flow'd,  
 Then Hagley mourn, your genius fled,  
 Alas! your nonour'd muse is dead.

IV.

That patron whom the world approv'd,  
Whom justice hail'd, and honor lov'd,  
Whose bosom felt soft pity's claim,  
Till time and nature shook his frame,  
Then mourn, soft muse, your patron's fled,  
For Lyttelton, alas ! is dead.

V.

In Hagley's penfive fair retreat,  
The virtues and the graces meet,  
Amid' the cool sequestred shade,  
Oft has this heav'n-born genius stray'd,  
But now, alas ! your charms are fled,  
For Lyttelton your muse is dead.

VI. Ye

VI.

Ye warbling choristers give o'er,  
 And swell your downy throats no more,  
 Ah ! to what purpose, to what end,  
 Will your soft plaintive notes now tend,  
 Him whom ye strove to charm is fled,  
 For Lyttelton, alas ! is dead.

VII.

Ye purling streams, your bubbling cease,  
 Each murmur does my pain increase ;  
 Ye flowers now droop your fragrant heads,  
 And kiss your clay cold mould'ring beds,  
 For every joy on earth is fled,  
 For generous Lyttelton is dead.

VIII.

Ye sister muses ever mourn,  
 With laurels bind your patron's urn,  
 To his fair altar quickly bring,  
 Each tribute of the blooming spring,  
 And o'er his honour'd sacred head,  
 Your kindred influence ever spread.



A CHARACTER.



# A C H A R A C T E R.

**G**enerous, and good, sincere, and void of art,  
 Blest with a tender, yet an honest heart,  
 Humane, and affable, to vice a foe,  
 Neither too much the rustic, or the beau :  
 Polite, and friendly, comely, good, and kind,  
 Foe to deceit, to virtue most inclin'd.  
 Fearless of danger, in a noble cause,  
 A firm supporter of fair honor's laws,

Kind



Kind heaven has given him all the charms of youth,  
And in his soul shines honesty, and truth,  
Esteem'd by many, and by most approv'd,  
By Delia honour'd, and by Delia lov'd.





ODE TO SPRING.

I.

**N**O more shall winter's veil be spread,  
 Or clouds deform the tranquil sky,  
 Again shall spring her treasure shed,  
 To charm the sense, and please the eye.  
 To future ages shall the muses sing,  
 Hail, genial goddess, of the blooming spring.

II. Thou

II.

Thou youthful season of the year,  
 Whose joys can banish every smart,  
 Clad in thy vernal sweets appear,  
 To soften and inspire the heart,  
 To future ages shall the muses sing,  
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.

III.

When I behold thy gifts around,  
 The groves, with thy fair glories shine,  
 And ev'ry flow'r that paints the ground,  
 Declares that influence divine.  
 To future ages shall the muses sing,  
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.

IV. Thy

IV.

Thy pow'r, supreme, all nature feels,  
 Each tender plant, thy hand doth raise,  
 Each fruit and shrub thy bounty yields,  
 Eternally confirms thy praise.  
 To future ages shall the muses sing,  
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.

V.

Enliven'd by thy chearful face,  
 The bleating lambs, and lowing herd,  
 And all the infant feather'd race,  
 At once are waken'd and inspir'd,  
 To future ages shall the muses sing,  
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.

VI. Then

VI.

Then welcome, welcome to our view,  
 Each gift thy bounteous hand bestows,  
 Still, still, thy heavenly scenes renew,  
 And all thy precious joys disclose.  
 To future ages shall the muses sing,  
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.



LETTER





LETTER TO A FRIEND ON  
LEAVING TOWN.

**G**LADLY I leave the town, and all its care,  
For sweet retirement, and fresh wholesome air,  
Leave op'ra, park, the masquerade, and play,  
In solitary groves to pass the day.  
Adieu, gay throng, luxurious vain parade,  
Sweet peace invites me to the rural shade,  
No more the Mall, can captivate my heart,  
No more can Ranelagh, one joy impart.

Without

Without regret I leave the splendid ball,  
 And the enchanting shades of gay Vauxhall,  
 Far from the giddy circle now I fly,  
 Such joys no more, can please my sicken'd eye.  
 The town's alluring scenes no more can charm,  
 Nor dissipation my fond breast alarm ;  
 Where vice and folly has each bosom fir'd,  
 And what is most absurd, — is most admir'd.  
 Alas ! what diff'rence 'twixt the town bred fair,  
 And the blith maid who breaths the purer air.  
 Whose life is innocent, whose thoughts are clear,  
 Whose soul is gentle, and whose heart sincere.  
 Bless'd with her swain, she wants no greater joy,  
 Nor fears inconstancy, her bliss can cloy,  
 No anxious fears invade her tranquil breast,  
 The peaceful mansion of content and rest.

But

But rich in every virtue, void of art,  
She feels those joys, truth only can impart.

View the gay courtly dame, and mark her face,  
Where art supply's fair nature's nobler place,  
Luxurious pleasures, all her days divide,  
And fashion taints, bright beauty's greatest pride.  
Each action has its fixt and settled rule,  
Eyes, limbs, and features, are all put to school.  
Beaux without number, daily round her swarm,  
And each with fulsome flatt'ry try's to charm.  
Till, like the rose, which blooms but for an hour,  
Her face grown common, loses all its power.  
Each idle coxcomb leaves the wretched fair,  
Alone to languish, and alone despair,  
To cards, and dice, the slighted maiden flies,  
And every fashionable vice apply's,

Scandal and coffee, pass the morn away,  
 At night a rout, an opera, or a play ;  
 Thus glide their life, partly through inclination,  
 Yet more, because it is the reigning fashion.  
 Thus giddy pleasures they alone pursue,  
 Merely because, they've nothing else to do ;  
 Whatever can afford their hearts delight,  
 No matter if the thing be wrong, or right ;  
 They will pursue it, tho' they be undone,  
 They see their ruin, — still they venture on.  
 Prudence they hate, grave wisdom they despise,  
 And laugh at those who teach them to be wise.  
 Pleas'd they embark upon the dangerous tide,  
 And with the fashionable current glide ;  
 Till fate has every wish and purpose cross'd,  
 Their health, their beauty, and their fortune loss'd :

No

No art their wanted youth can then repair,  
Abandon'd to remorse, and keen despair,  
Repentant sighs, their wretched bosom wound,  
And happiness, alas ! no more is found.

In some sequester'd shade alone they stray,  
And pensive waste, the solitary day.

Till fate relieves the wretched maid from grief,  
And death affords, a long and last relief.

These are the follies that engage the mind,  
And taint the principles, of half mankind,  
Then wonder not my friend, that I can leave,  
Those transient pleasures, only born to grieve.  
Those short-liv'd shadows of a fleeting day,  
Those idle customs of the rich and gay.  
Henceforth, retirement, is my chosen seat,  
Far from the insolent, the vain, the great.



Sweet solitude, ah! welcome to my breast,  
 And with thee welcome, sweet content, and rest;  
 Farewell ambition, source of every pain,  
 Farewell pale malice, and thy hateful train:  
 Farewell black calumny, no more thy dart,  
 Shall force one sigh, or wound my placid heart.  
 My future days, shall with sweet peace abound,  
 By friendship, virtue, and experience crown'd.





WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON THE  
PICTURE OF A FRIEND.

I.

WITHIN this narrow compass is confin'd,  
A form possess'd of every pleasing grace,  
The matchless beauties of whose heav'nly mind,  
Cou'd ne'er be painted in so small a space.

II.

Let every praise so much the artist's due,  
With never-ceasing honors on him fall,  
Yet when this bright similitude I view,  
I mourn the loss of the *original*.

III.

To fames exalted summit be thou rais'd,  
 And move sublime in a distinguish'd sphere,  
 Where wond'ring mortals shall behold amaz'd,  
 Those lasting honors which the just revere.

IV.

Above the malice of the artful mind,  
 Above the envious, ignorant, and vain,  
 Above the reach of slanderous mankind,  
 Whose greatest pleasure is another's pain.

V.

Thou chiefest wonder that adorns the age,  
 Still, still, the paths of fame and truth pursue,  
 Thy name shall celebrate some future page,  
 Some yet unheard of muse shall sing of you.

H Y M N



## HYMN TO VIRTUE.

### I.

**D**IVINE inhabitant of heaven,  
To whom superior power is given,

Ah! deign to guide my will,

Teach me to shun deceit and art,

To own a feeling, generous heart,

And guard my mind from ill.

G 4

II. When

II.

When thou appearest (lovely maid,)  
 With all thy wond'rous charms display'd,  
 With modest, gentle eye,  
 Pleas'd I behold thy matchless grace,  
 Thy beauteous form, thy blooming face,  
 Fair daughter of the sky.

III.

Thou guide to youth, support to age,  
 Direct the young, advise the sage,  
 Shew them the road to fame,  
 They who thy counsels do revere,  
 Inspir'd by thee can never err,  
 Or stain thy sacred name.

IV. If

IV.

If it's your wish ye blooming fair,  
To live content, be this your care,

Make truth your constant rule,  
Let wise experience, teach you sense,  
With modesty, and innocence,  
Improve in virtues school.

V.

Ne'er trust to fortune, fickle dame,  
Nor play with honor's sacred name,

Be cautious how ye stray,  
Let prudence govern all your heart,  
Beware of flatt'rys venom'd dart,  
Nor tread the slip'ry way.

VI. Be



VI.

Be it my task to sing thy praise,  
 In virtues cause my voice I'll raise,  
 And all my time employ,  
 A recompence I largely find,  
 A peaceful conscience, quiet mind,  
 A life of heartfelt joy.



S O N G.



S O N G.

I.

**A**S Cupid wanton, giddy child,  
 Was rambling throw the shade,  
 To mischief prawn, the urchin wild,  
 Beheld a sleeping maid.  
 But how to wound her gentle breast,  
 A quick suggestion rose,  
 When ev'ry sense was lull'd to rest,  
 In peaceful, calm repose.

II. He

II.

He chang'd his figure in a trice,  
 To Strephon's, blith and young,  
 Then gently tapt her elbow thrice,  
 And thus divinely fung.

" Ah beauteous maid no longer scorn,  
 " A generous, constant swain,  
 " My breast with anxious pangs is torn,  
 " I pine with ceaseless pain.

III.

" Be gone she cried, and henceforth know,  
 " Such boldness ne'er could move,  
 " A breast to mean deceit a foe,  
 " Yet ah! a friend to love.

" The

" The youth who aims to gain my heart,  
 " Must prove his constancy,  
 " Confess'd a foe, to every art,  
 " From vice, and folly free.

IV.

A quiver then the urchin drew,  
 Well stor'd with pointed darts,  
 And cry'd " fair nymph in me you view,  
 " The sov'reign of all hearts.  
 " To try your truth I only came,  
 " Your gentle breast to move,  
 " Thou, goddess, henceforth I proclaim,  
 " Of virtue, and of love.

SONG.



S O N G.

I.

**Y**E crystal fountains, softly flow,  
 Ye gentle gales, ah ! cease to blow,  
 For know my blooming constant swain,  
 Doth calmly sleep, on yonder plain.

II.

Propitious pow'rs, afford that rest,  
 Which ever dwelt within his breast,  
 With caution guard his radiant charms,  
 And shield his heart, from rude alarms.

III. Around

III.

Around my love, ye violets spring,  
In plaintive notes, ye warblers sing,  
Ye roses bloom, about his head,  
And sweetly scent, his mossy bed.

IV.

Ye little Cupids, quickly bring,  
Each green, that decks the verdant spring,  
There form a sweet sequest' red grove,  
And hide secure, my beauteous love.





ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF  
A LADY.

**T**O hail Louisa, this auspicious day,  
 Ye sister muses annual tribute pay.-  
 Ye sons of science, greet this happy morn,  
 On which my gen'rous, honor'd, friend was born.  
 My ardent wishes, gentle maid receive,  
 My steady friendship, and my love believe.  
 Health and contentment, crown thy youthful days,  
 And sacred honor, guide thy peaceful ways,  
 Plenty and ease, thy constant help-mates be,  
 From malice, envy, and oppression free,

May

May fortune smile, propitious o'er thy life,  
 And guard thy gentle breast from care and strife.  
 Thus pass thy moments innocently gay,  
 And joys arise, with each revolving day,  
 That when grim death, shall spread his shadows round,  
 With bliss eternal, may thy life be crown'd.





TO AURELIA ON HER GOING  
ABROAD.

**F**arewell, my friend, good angels waft thee o'er,  
And guard thee safely to Italia's shore.  
Propitious powers on all thy steps await,  
Mild as thy gentle bosom—be thy fate.  
Serene and calm be every moment past,  
May each revolving day approve the last;  
Pure as thyself may all thy friendships prove,  
And may'st thou find sincerity in love.  
Be cautious, fair Aurelia, how you trust,  
To fickle man—for few alas are just.

If at love's altar you resign your heart,  
 Let well try'd constancy direct the dart.  
 May sweet contentment crown the fleeting hours,  
 And strew thy paths with ever blooming flow'rs.  
 May no unwelcome pain disturb thy rest,  
 No anxious cares invade thy gen'rous breast;  
 But every earthly bliss on thee attend,  
 And keep from insult my much honor'd friend.  
 When thou art landed on the distant isle,  
 Think of our friendship past, and deign to smile:  
 For know Aurelia's love I value more,  
 Than all the gems of India's wealthy shore.  
 The laws of sacred virtue still protect,  
 Nor let my friendship meet a cold neglect.  
 Let not sad absence banish from thy mind,  
 Those faithful vows which once our hearts did bind.

H a

Those

Those gen'rous ties of truth, ah ! ne'er resign,  
 For seldom love is more sincere than mine ;  
 I boast no more than truth has pow'r t' impart,  
 A faithful, feeling, undissembling heart.  
 Seek not the splendid cares of shining courts,  
 For hidden sorrow with the great resorts.  
 Unbidden grief lurks in the dark disguise,  
 And heav'n-born peace her cheering ray denies.  
 Sweet mediocrity to thee alone,  
 Superior joys are most distinctly known.  
 Bestow your choicest gifts ye sacred nine,  
 On greater souls——*simplicity* be mine.



TO LOVE: WRITTEN EXTEMPORE.

I.

**R**ESISTLESS power, ah! wherefore reign,  
Alone among the rural train,  
Is it because you seldom find,  
The giddy throng to truth inclin'd.

II.

Ah! wherefore in the modish breast,  
Art thou so rarely found a guest,  
Must fashion occupy thy place,  
And custom, hymens charms efface.

H 3

III. Alas!



III.

Alas! how few are born to prove,  
The joys of undissembled love,  
How few can boast a gen'rous flame,  
Inspir'd by virtue's sacred name.

IV.

Is it because thou'rt partial grown,  
And yield to beauties power alone,  
Must merit plead her right in vain,  
And mourn for truth's unpity'd pain.

V.

In vain is every grace combin'd,  
To elevate the youthful mind,  
If nature joins not to disclose,  
The lilly and the blushing rose.

VI.

Ye youths of this licentious age,  
No more in idle cares engage,  
No longer artful scenes pursue,  
But grant to merit — all its due.





## THE COMPLAINT.

### I.

**Y**E verdant greens, ye shady woods,  
Ye gardens, and ye groves,  
Ye tinkling streams, ye murm'ring floods,  
Ye grotto's, and alcoves.

### II.

Alas! ye yield me no delight,  
In sighs I waste the day,  
In tears consume the tedious night,  
For Strephon is away.

III. How

III.

How often his persuasive tongue,  
 Beguil'd the fleeting days,  
 When tender strains he sweetly sung,  
 In Leonora's praise.

IV.

How sweetly flew the time away,  
 How blith was every hour,  
 When I with Strephon past the day,  
 At yonder blooming bower.

V.

His auburn tresses careless grew,  
 In ringlets round his neck,  
 His lovely eyes of glossy blue,  
 And smiling rosy cheek.

VI. His

VI.

His graceful mein, and gentle look,  
With skin as lillies fair,  
Bedeck'd with garland, pipe and crook,  
None cou'd with him compare.

VII.

As thro' the dale, or in the grove,  
Together we did go,  
He told me pretty tales of love,  
And I believ'd them true.

VIII.

But now he's gone, and I must grieve,  
For ever I must mourn,  
Out of his sight I cannot live,  
And fear he'll ne'er return.

IX. In

IX.

In shady bow'rs, and mossy cells,  
Forlorn and lost I stray,  
By chrystal streams, and purling rills,  
I waste the live-long day.

X.

When absent from the youth I love,  
My breast is fraught with pain,  
No comfort can my bosom prove,  
Each shepherd I disdain.

XI.

For Strephon was the pride of swains,  
His worth by all approv'd,  
I heard his sweet melodious strains,  
I heard and fondly lov'd.

XII. Ye

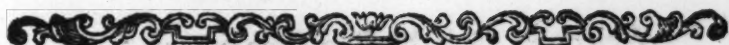


XII.

Ye careless nymphs, so blith and gay,  
Your choice with caution make,  
Let no false swain your heart betray,  
For Leonora's sake.



THOUGHTS.



THOUGHTS ON RETIREMENT.

I.

**H**ENCE pining grief, and black despair,  
Hence from my breast, each anxious care,  
And high ambition's idle claim,  
With envy's, mean detested train;  
All vain desires, fly from my peaceful cell,  
Where sweet humility alone shall dwell.

II. Welcome

II.

Welcome sweet hope, and genial love,  
 Welcome, each blessing from above,  
 Peace and content, with heav'n-born rest,  
 Ah! welcome, to my placid breast.  
 Such joys alone, as solitude impart,  
 Shall ever occupy my tender heart.

III.

Adieu! vain world, no more thy charms,  
 With fond desire my bosom warms,  
 For real bliss can only dwell,  
 Within the moss-grown rustic cell,  
 Where peace, and innocence for ever reigns,  
 Free from those ills which idle pomp sustains.



AN ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

I.

C ELESTIAL maid, if on my way,  
Propitious thou wilt' deign to smile,  
Let virtue guide each youthful day,  
From malice, envy, care, and guile.

II.

Protect my unexperienc'd youth,  
From ev'ry ill, from grief and pain,  
Inspire my heart with love and truth,  
Without ambition's idle claim.

III. Banish'd

III.

Banish'd from thee, what's ev'ry joy,  
 What's beauty, wealth, delight, or ease,  
 Without thee all our pleasures cloy,  
 Which nature first ordain'd to please.

IV.

In search of thee, long time I stray'd,  
 Amid the throng of busy life,  
 But found, alas ! I was betray'd,  
 For vanity's the source of strife.

V.

I've sought thee in the myrtle shade,  
 The silent wood, and poplar grove,  
 I've sought thee in the lonely glade,  
 The paths of friendship, and of love.

VI. Some

VI.

Some hope to find thee in a court,  
 In stately pomp, and vain parade,  
 But that is not thy calm resort,  
 Such scenes of art you ne'er invade.

VII.

Tis not in palaces you dwell,  
 Among the gay, and giddy croud,  
 Nor in the hermit's lonely cell,  
 Far distant from the great, and proud.

VIII.

The sordid miser hopes t' explore,  
 Thy wondrous charms in idle toys,  
 In hoarding heaps of yellow ore,  
 In transitory, short-liv'd joys.



IX.

Mistaken youth, too often tries,  
 With luxury, deceit and art,  
 To find thee in the wanton's eyes,  
 Which only shine t' ensnare th' heart,

X.

Others by fickle fortune blind,  
 To flatt'ry's mean device a prey,  
 Vainly expect, content to find,  
 Among the great, the rich, and gay.

XI.

Alas! ye blinded, thoughtless race,  
 Contentment ye will never find,  
 Till ye abhor deceit, and vice,  
 And pay attention to the mind.

XII.

In your own pow'r, alone it lies,  
 To blend this life with joy, or care,  
 Ambition's idle claim despise,  
 Think yourself happy; — and you are.





A S O N G.

I.

CHLOE, 'tis not thy graceful air,  
Soft wishes can impart,

Thy face so exquisitely fair,

Can ne'er subdue my heart;

'Tis virtue, sense, and truth combin'd,

With ease and prudence dress'd,

Will captivate the wav'ring mind,

And make a lover bless'd.

II. I own

II.

I own soft beauty's mighty charms,  
 Yet never felt the smart,  
 Confess your mien my bosom warms,  
 Yet cannot wound my heart.  
 Tis virtue only, gentle maid,  
 Will constancy demand,  
 For beauty like a flower will fade,  
 By time's all conqu'ring hand.





# THE VISION.

**A**S lately musing in a lonely shade,  
 For meditation and contentment made,  
 The murm'ring streams reecho'd thro' the trees,  
 And verdant poplars, fan'd the gentle breeze,  
 All dwelt serene within my tranquil breast,  
 And sweet retirement, lull'd my soul to rest :  
 Delightful fancy lent her potent aid,  
 And scenes of wonder, to my sense convey'd.  
 Transported to a verdant blooming green,  
 Where all was calm, and nature shone serene :

The

The daisy painted ground, perfum'd the air,  
 And sweet contentment, seem'd to banish care,  
 A group of lovely damsels caught my eye,  
 And each in youth and beauty strove to vie;  
 Yet two shone more resplendent than the rest,  
 One in a purple, airy, flowing vest;  
 Her temples bound with flow'rs of diff'rent hue,  
 The lilly white, the violet azure blue,  
 Her tender feet with glitt'ring sandals bound,  
 Trip't lightly o'er the flow'ry painted ground.  
 Her golden locks flow'd careless in the wind,  
 And her whole dress was loose and unconfin'd.  
 The other, clad in purity, and truth,  
 With all the blooming, radiant charms of youth,  
 White was her robe, bright auborn was her hair,  
 Meek her deportment, and serene her air;



Her looks outvied the pure and unfin'd snow,  
 And wreaths of laurel, bound her sacred brow,  
 Her friend was wisdom, who with heav'nly song,  
 With caution lead her mistress thro' the throng.  
 Her breath with ambient sweets perfum'd the ground,  
 And calm serenity shone all around;  
 Each strove by turns to sooth the giddy croud,  
 Courted the humble, and implor'd the proud.  
 The first was pleasure (soft alluring name,)  
 The other virtue, surest guide to fame.

Struck with astonishment I gaz'd around,  
 When suddenly I heard a heav'nly sound,  
 A sound more sweet than the soft breath of love,  
 Harmonious as the songsters of the grove ;  
 Melodious as the pipe upon the plains,  
 The tuneful lyre, or Philomela's strains.

'Twas

'Twas virtue's voice, the pure seraphic maid,  
In tender numbers these soft accents said.

- " Ah! follow me, fair nymph, to my pure cell,
- " 'Tis there content, and peace alone can dwell ;
- " 'Tis there true happiness and joy you'll find,
- " A homely fair, but a reception kind :
- " Where innocence and love, delight to reign,
- " Free from dissimulation, care, and pain.
- " There peace resides, there honor keeps her court,
- " There pity dwells, the muses there resort.
- " Beware of vice, her pleasures soon will cloy,
- " And keen repentance, follow guilty joy.
- " Forfake the giddy, gay, unthinking croud,
- " Forfake the covetous, the vain, and proud ;
- " By me be guided, I will lead the way,
- " To blissful paths of everlasting day.

" In

- " In this precarious life i'll be thy friend,
- " And celebrate thy name, e'en to time's end ;
- " Take my advice, 'tis I alone can prove,
- " The heart-felt happiness of virtuous love :
- " The real pleasures of an honest mind,
- " In all my footsteps you will surely find.

Thus spoke the nymph, — to heav'n the music  
floats,

And angels echo back the tuneful notes.  
Transported, and amaz'd, I trembling cry'd,  
" In thee alone I trust to be my guide !"  
The goddesses smil'd, and kindly press'd my hand,  
When I obedient to her wise command  
Followed her footsteps, to that blissful seat,  
Where peace, humility, and love do meet:

To that pure cell where every earthly joy,  
Reigns uncontroul'd, unmixt, without a cloy.

The journey long, the fare was mean and coarse,  
The road was rugged, and the task was worse ;  
Our gentle guides were Patience, Hope, and Truth,  
(The best supporters of each virtuous youth )  
Each friend, by turns, sooth'd my advent'rous heart,  
And tales of truth, and honor did impart.  
When, on a sudden, horrors spread around,  
And echo'd thro' the grove an hollow sound ;  
The clouds grew black, all nature seem'd to fade,  
And sicken o'er the solemn lonely glade ;  
Naught could be heard but silver falling floods,  
And woe fraught murmurs reign'd throughout the  
woods.

Confusion

Confusion struck my frame, when Patience cry'd,

“ Fear not, fair nymph, in me alone confide;

“ In a short time these dreadful storms shall cease,

“ And I will crown your toil, with joy, and peace.

“ E'er you arrive where bliss eternal reigns,

“ You first must learn to scorn such trifling pains;

“ The pure seraphic mind which virtue warms,

“ Must bare serenely these tempestuous storms;

“ The feeling heart must many crosses know,

“ In virtue's cause, — where fortune proves a foe:

“ Let not these trifles your soft breast alarm,

“ Patience will guide you free from every harm.”

Here ceas'd the virgin, the prophetic sound,

And gleams of heavenly light shone all around;

The clouds dispers'd, the storm and tempest ceas'd,

And every visionary care decreas'd.

The

The flowers recover'd their delightful hue,  
 And nature shone in all her bloom anew ;  
 No scent more fragrant does the rose exhale,  
 Then those which fan'd the sweet ambrosial gale.  
 At a small distance stood the peaceful cell,  
 Where innocence and harmony do dwell ;  
 No pompous grandeur there adorns the grove,  
 No spiery turrets rear their heads above ;  
 No gilded columns, no gay temples rise,  
 There no luxurious dome invades the skies ;  
 Alone for peace the humble cell was made,  
 And sweet contentment, reigns within the shade :  
 A purling stream in soft meanders glide,  
 The violet sweet, and daizy blooms beside :  
 Fair honor reigns supreme and void of care,  
 Each heavenly blessing does inhabit there.

With



With meek humility, with truth divine,  
 And ev'ry virtue bows before the shrine.  
 Love, the soft moulder of the pliant soul,  
 (Whose power our wishes and our minds controul ;)  
 Within these sacred shades serenely mov'd,  
 By virtue guided, and by heav'n approv'd.  
 Enraptur'd I beheld those regions bright,  
 And scenes of wonder beam'd upon the sight;  
 Harmonious songsters I distinctly heard,  
 And soft musicians in the grove appear'd:  
 While thus I stood intent to see and hear,  
 A damsel's voice address'd my pensive ear.  
 " Like you a stranger to distress and woe,  
 " Possess'd of all the gifts the gods bestow,  
 " Of all the real blessings heaven can give,  
 " Still my fond soul for other joys did grieve.

" Once

- " Once on a time by giddy fancy taught,  
 " For idle pleasures earnestly I fought ;  
 " No well-taught council could my feet restrain,  
 " But pleasures lur'd me to the flow'ry plain ;  
 " That sure destruction to the youthful mind,  
 " To her my frail, my willing heart inclin'd.  
 " Long time I revel'd in luxurious joys,  
 " Which ev'ry gen'rous sentiment destroys.  
 " But ah ! fair nymph, each pleasure quickly dies,  
 " Where blacken'd vice, fair virtue's place supplies.  
 " Such idle joys last but a fleeting day,  
 " Where vice triumphant reigns with potent sway ;  
 " Short was the time these scenes my soul possess'd,  
 " But endless are the pangs within my breast.  
 " No time the stings of conscience can subdue,  
 " Where'er I fly fresh grief my steps pursue ;  
 " Conscious

" Conscious of past offence, my erring breast,  
 " Is torn with sad remorse, and rob'd of rest,  
 " I feel, I feel, the heaving sigh renew'd,  
 " And sad rememb'rance on my soul intrude ;  
 " Still must my mind with heart felt grief abound,  
 " Till virtue's hand shall heal reflection's wound.  
 " Too late my blinded eyes perceiv'd the road,  
 " Which lead to this celestial, bless'd abode ;  
 " Happy are you, whose youthful breast aspires,  
 " With genial warmth, to burn with purer fires.  
 " Who in the tender, early days of youth,  
 " Trod the unfulled paths of sacred truth.  
 " Then hail, fair nymph, hail sweet humility,  
 " Each vot'ry of our shade, shall honor thee.  
 " Enjoy, nenceforth, each blessing of the bless'd,  
 " May all thy future days be crown'd with rest."

" Farewell"

“ Farewell,” she cry’d, — then join’d the happy  
throng,

Who to my list’ning ear address’d their song.

“ Welcome, welcome, to our cell,

“ Here content, and peace do dwell ;

“ Every joy to charm the heart,

“ All that wisdom can impart,

“ All that can the bosom fire,

“ All that virtue can desire ;

“ Every blessing from above,

“ Ease and plenty, joy and love ;

“ Meek humility and rest,

“ All the transports of the bless’d ;

“ Join with us in sprightly song,

“ Dance among the happy throng ;

K

“ Tune

- “ Tune the cymbal, and the lyre,
- “ Virtue does our souls inspire ;
- “ Prudence, is our matron wife,
- “ Ev’ry folly we despise ;
- “ Here the graces keep their court,
- “ Here the muses all resort ;
- “ Welcome to this happy cell,
- “ Here content and peace doth dwell.

Here ceas’d the tender, soft, alluring throng,  
 Their artless, sweet, prophetic, warmbling song ;  
 And I awoke, alas ! too soon to find,  
 ’Twas only fancy that deceiv’d my mind ;  
 But what a change from scenes of tranquil joy,  
 To momentary pleasures born to cloy.



TO MATILDA:

I.

PURE and divine, without a fault,  
What angels are described to be,  
And every bright excelling grace,  
Matilda, I behold in thee.

II.

Each sweet perfection void of art,  
In all thy actions may be seen,  
Possess'd of more than common worth,  
A godlike mind and beauteous mein.

K 2

III. Where



III.

Where grace, and elegance unite,  
Where virtue and fair truth do shine,  
Where reigns each soft bewitching charm,  
Bestow'd by providence divine.

IV.

Thy temper mild, thy friendship sure,  
Thy judgment sound, thy wit refin'd,  
Thy breast with every beauty fraught,  
With charity, and meekness join'd.

V.

Inspir'd by influence supreme,  
Humanity each purpose guides,  
And infinite benevolence,  
With wisdom o'er thy soul presides.

VI.

No giddy prattle e'er betray'd,  
 A want of prudence, or of sense,  
 But ev'ry accent from thy tongue,  
 Is blended with pure eloquence.

VII.

Thy charms have fill'd each swain with love,  
 Thy virtue ev'ry bosom fir'd ;  
 Thou art the goddess of the plains,  
 By all confess'd, by all admir'd.

VIII.

Long have I own'd a faithful flame,  
 A captive to your charms confess'd,  
 Yet never mov'd one tender sigh,  
 One spark of pity in thy breast.

IX. To

[ 134 ]

To each that tells his love-sick tale,

Matilda, thou art gay and free.

To ev'ry youth polite and just

But ah, alas! unkind to me.

F I N I S.



OT XI

# Erata

Page 24 line 8 for banish read banishes

Page 42 . . 9 for forbear read beware

50 . . 12 for holds . . read reigns

51 . . . 4 for Where read by

51 . . . 4 for and . . . read where

76 . . 10 for that . . . Read thy

91 . . . 2 for throw . . read thro'

106 . . 3 for bedecked read when deck'd

M. R. —

*Preserved*

